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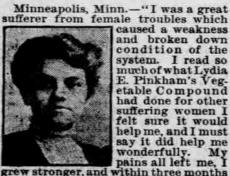
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LETTER



caused a weakness and broken down condition of the system. I read so much of what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for other

had done for other suffering women I felt sure it would help me, and I must say it did help me wonderfully. My pains all left me, I grew stronger, and within three months I was a perfectly well woman.

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I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should bave a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a play.

"He away a lot of their spare patri'tism by that time. There wa'nt enough of it left in Granite to give my father a fair start in the world again. Because he'd learned to drink to loaf, to be uneasy an' unreliable when he worked, they forgot he'd picked up those tricks while he was defendin' their country. Heroes was a drug in the market. If any of you fellers know how it feels to get down to work the day after your fortnight's vacation, maybe you can understand what it meant to him to settle down to a job after five years in the open."

Conover glanced again at his father. The old man had ceased to mumble and was trying to follow the Fighter's speech. The slack jaw had tightened; and the huddled form was struggling not he was trying to follow the Fighter's speech. The slack jaw had tightened; and the huddled form was struggling not he was trying to follow the Fighter's speech. The slack jaw had tightened; and the huddled form was struggling not he was trying to follow the Fighter's speech. The slack jaw had tightened; and the huddled form was struggling not he was trying to follow the Fighter's speech. The slack jaw had tightened; and the huddled form was struggling not hear to want to be in the fair start in the world again. Because he'd learned to drink to loaf, to be uneasy an' unreliable when he worked, they forgot he'd picked up those tricks to be uneasy an' unreliable

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure

ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmmay stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what, I believe, is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 4125 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, free of charge.

grow rich by sellin' the gov'ment shoddy blankets an' rotten food. Was it any worse for him to scamp weights on the coal scales? That's what he done. Not in big quantities as if he was a financier; but a few cents a day as he got the chance. "That was his mistake. If he'd stole a million he'd a' been a big man in Granite, But he hadn't the brain to do morn foiler, a long way on, the

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE of "Caleb Conover, Railroader," "Dr. Dale," "On Glory's NEW YORK

in y'r cradles. I'm drunk too," he confided squinting up at the unnerved Dillingham. "Drunk—or I wouldn't a' stholen thoshe thingsh. Learned t'drink while I was d—d'fendin' m' country. Perfec'ly shquare when I'm shober. Perf'ly. I'm—"

His voice scaled a note or two, broke and then meandered on, in time to prevent Dillingham's interruption. His tone had shifted once more from the explanatory to the pugnacious.

tone had shifted once more from the explanatory to the pugnacious.

"If I had had my—my rightsh!" he bellowed, shrilly, glaring about him.
"I'd be ridin' in my carr'ge—m'own carr'ge! Yesh! Thash right, Own carr'ge. Got a boy whoshe rich—rich man. Whatsh'e do for me? Noshin't'all! Don't ev'n know I'm 'live. Till I struck Granite t'night, I didn't know he'sh 'live. Firsh time been here in twenty yearsh. They shent m't' jail. lasht time, dammem! Pool ol' Saul Con'ver!"

lasht time, dammem! Pool of Saul Con'ver!"

He broke into senile, weak sobbing. And, from all over the room rose a confused whispering, a rustle, an indefinable electric thrill. Women whose escorts had led them to the door, halted and looked back in crass interest. Men glanced at one another, muttering queries that found no answer. Even Dillingham forgot at last his faint hope of restoring the shattered function to its former banal calm.

Pair by pair, all eyes slowly focussed

went on, raising his voice. "An' I never expected to. But I'll ask you people to have patience with me for a minute or two." Because there's one or two things that's got to be said here an' now. An' I'm the one that's got to say 'em."

He glanced about him. Never before in the Arareek Club had orator enjoyed so rapt an audience. The quiet, heavy voice, the brute magnetism of the man, no less than curiosity as, to how he would handle so impossible a situation, had already caught everyone's attention. His wholly masterful manner, his latent strength, lent a force of their own to his rough words as he went on:

"Yes, ladles and gentlemen, that man doubled up on the floor there is my father—I didn't know till five minutes ago that he was still alive. I hadn't seen nor heard of him in near twenty father—I didn't know till five minutes ago that he was still alive. I hadn't seen nor heard of him in near twenty-five years; till he came in here, crazy drunk, just now, an' broke up your party. I'm sorry for what he's done. If I could make any kind of rep'ration to you for the bother he's caused, I'd do it. I guess you know that. But I can't. All I can do is to try to make you look at him less like he was a mangy dog in a fit, an' more as if he was a human like yourselves. That's why 'm takin' the liberty to speak to you now. Will you hear me?"

The unconscious buzz and murmur

was a human like yourselves. That's why 'm takin' the liberty to speak to you now. Will you hear me?"

The unconscious buzz and murmur that all at once swept the room served him for answer; and he continued:

"My father." with another nod to-ward the mumbling figure on the floor. "was a risin'. hard workin' man. He come of decent people, an' he was a promisin' young chap that ev'rybody liked. That was the trouble. Too many folks liked him; which is pretty near as bad as bein' liked, by nobody. Nothin' per'nal intended. When the Civil War broke out he went to the front. There he learned to starve, to loaf, to forget his business trainin'. An' he wasn't the only one, I guess. There's where he learned to drink, too. When men have to go supperless to bed on the wet ground after an all-day march, a swig of whiskey's a blessin', too, when it dulls the mem'ry of the comrade at your side that was blowed to pieces by a shell or ripped open by a bay'net. Can you blame the soldier if they let the whiskey bless 'em so often that it gets to be a habit? "After the war my father come home. There'd been bands of music an' women wavin' handkerch'fs an' noospapers to call him an' his fellers a lot of hot-air names when they marched off in their bloo uniforms to the war. When the boys came slouchin' back, footsore, ragged, an' so thin they looked like walkin' embalmer advertisements, there wasn't quite so much cheerin'. My father'd gone away a brisk, fine set-up lad, leavin' good work behind him. He come back like a good many thousand others, none the better for a four-year course in shiftlessness, booze an' no reg'lar work. better for a four-year course in shiftlessness, booze an' no reg'lar work. "The folks who'd cheered him when he went to fight for 'em had cheered away a lot of their spare patri'tism by that time. There wa'nt enough of

"He tried to work." resumed Conover, "but younger, smarter folks with
steadier business trainin' was grabbin'
all the good jobs. Yet he got what he
could, an' for awhile he did the best
he knew how. Then he saw a chance
to make things easier for my mother
an' me. He'd been used to seein' his
off'cers in the arm- paddin' expense
accounts an' gettin' graft on fodder
bills an' such. He'd seen contractors
grow rich by sellin' the gov'ment shoddy blankets an' rotten food. Was it

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"Leave me be!" the latter was demanding in a squealing hiccough, as the cessation of attack left him breath for words. "Leave me be, can't yer? Fine lot—swellsh you are, to pick on one poor old man what never harmed none of you! Lemme 'lone!" as Dillingham with thoughts of diplomacy, edged closer. "That—that feller called me—p-panhandler! 'S a lie! I'm honesh, 'spectible workin' man. Fought for m' country in S-S-Shivil war. Got m' hon'rable-dishcharge. Fought for m' country while the most of you inin y'r cradles. I'm drunk too," he confided squinting up at the unnerved Dillingham "Drunk" as demanded to deep us ally a stole to keep us ally a stole example of the men he'd been taught to obey for four years. Because he home happier an' buy things for his sick wife. Those arguments don't cut much ice in law. He was just a common thief. An' they sent him to States prison. Me an' my mother could starve, for all the law cared. The bread winner was locked up. That was all holy Justice asked for. We could die of hunger if we wanted to, now that the law had taken away the man who had stole to keep us alive.

"I guess you folks has read of the way men get treated in those places

way men get treated in those places where the State gives 'em a chance to repent of their ains. For five years my father lived in a stone cubbyhole an' had for chums a choice c'lection of the Devil's Own Brigade. Not a soul in all that time to speak a decent word to him,—to say 'Please,' in givin' him his orders. It sounds like a small thing to have no one say 'Please' to you. But try it some time.

thing to have no one say 'Please' to you. But try it some time,
"After five years of herdin' with beasts,—only bein' treated worse'n the S. P. C. A. would let any beast be treated,—they turned my father loose. They'd set the prison mark on him; they'd taught him to keep comp'ny with blackguards; they'd made him callous to everything decent, an' taken away his citizenship. Havin' done which, they gen'rously sets him free an' gives him a chance to be a god-tearin', upright man in future. Who'll hire a convict? Who'll give him a show? No one—You know that as well as I do. How can he hold up his head ahow? No one—You know that as well as I do. How can he hold up his head among men who haven't had the bad luck to be caught? What was left for my father to do? To 'sociate with the only class that'd take him as an equal. To turn to the drink that made him forget they'd branded him as an out-Dillingham forgot at last his faint hope of restoring the shattered function to its former banal calm.

Pair by pair, all eyes slowly focussed on Caleb Conover. But the most imaginative gazef could not descry emotion—whether of surprise, chagrin of fear—on the heavy mask of the Fighter's face. For a moment there was a hush. The old man on the floor still sobbed in maudlin fashion. But no one heeded him. Then Caine arose.

"I think," he began. his pleasant, low-pitched voice breaking in like a dash of cool water on his hearers' superheated senses. "I think there is no need for any of us to magnify this triffling break in our jolly evening; nor to allow it to mar in any way our spirit of good fellowship. May I propose that we—?"

"Hold on," interposed Caleb, quietly. He got to his feet and laid a detaining hand on Caine's arm.

"You mean well," he said, "an' I thank you. But I think this is where I do the talkin', an' not you. I've never made a speech here before," he went on, raising his voice. "An' I never expected to. But I'll ask you people to have patience with me for a minute or two. Because there's one or two things that's got to be said here an' now. An' I'm the one that's got to say 'em."

He glanced about him. Never before in the Arareek Club had orator according to the fore in the Arareek Club had orator according to the fore in the Arareek Club had orator according to the fore in the Arareek Club had orator according to the first sayin' that Saul To turn to they what he did. I ain't sayin' that Saul in it's right. I ain't sayin' that Saul Conover's a noble lookin' work of God as he salinks against that otost. That's sayin' that Saul In' it's right. I ain't sayin' that Saul Conover's a noble lookin' work of God as he salinks against that otost. That's sayin' that Saul In' it's right. I ain't sayin' that Saul In' it's right. I ain't sayin' the salink it wook as the salinks against that ocokin' whe salink it is right. I ain't sayin' the salink it wook as the salinks against that conforted him as noble lo

brain. Clutching his son by the sleeve, and tremblingly patting the Fighter's big hand, he whimpered:

"Gawd bless you, boy! It's a proud man I am this night. You're not ashamed of your poor old father what worked so hard for you an' loves you so an'-"

With a gesture of loathing, Caleb shook off the weak clasp.

"You measly old crook!" he snarled.

"Keep your dirty hands off me! Here!" thrusting a roll of bills upon him.

"Take this an' get out of town by the next train. Write me where to forward money an' I'll see you get enough to keep you drunk till you die. But if you ever set foot in Granite again I'll have you railroaded to jail for life. An', after this, don't spring that Civil War yarn again. Civil war hard-luck stories are played out. Besides, you were never in the war at all; and you know you weren't. Don't lie when you don't have to. It spoils your skill for nec'ssary lies. Now, get away from here! Chase!" With a gesture of loathing, Caleb

CHAPTER XL A Peace Conference.

"I don't know why we were all so carried away by it." said Caine, reflectively. "I've been thinking it over. There was much more bathos than pathos; and a delightful absence of both elegance and eloquence about his speech. Yet for a moment I was almost tempted to join in your charmingly "Ill. timed appliance." The whole ingly ill-timed applause. The whole thing savored of cheap melodrama.

thing savored of cheap melodrama. But—"

"It was the man himself. Not what he said," answered Jack Hawarden, eager in defense of his new-built idol. "He stood there facing a crowd that would have liked nothing better than to annihilate him. That drunken Thing on the floor was enough by itself to ruin him forever at the Arareek. Yet Conover made us listen and he swayed us to suit himself. Not by what he said, but by his own big strength, I think. There's something about him I don't understand. But he's a man. And, after to-night,—whatever the others say—I take my hat off to him."

"For the perfecting of a young author's style," observed Caine, irrelevantly. "what sample of nervous English can be finer than Carlyle's 'Heroes and, Hero Worship?"

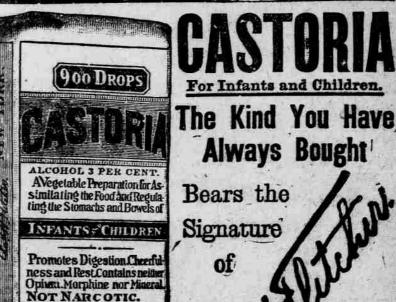
His raillery jarred on the boy's enthusiasm and checked the gush of extravagant praise. Letty Standish, with whom the two were walking home from the Club, took advantage of Jack's snubbed silence, to put in a word.

"I think Mr. Hawarden is right, Amzi," she ventured. "There's something about Mr. Conover that one can't very well define. I think he could make one do anything he choose. I know I was almost—afraid of him,—before I'd known him ten minutes, I don't quite think I like him. He's so powerful, so rough, so domineering. Not like anyone I ever met before, But," with a slight shudder, "I believe I'd do whatever he ordered me to. Especially if he scowled at me in that I'd do whatever he ordered me to.
Especially if he scowled at me in that
builting way, with his eyes half-shut.
"Isn't it funny to feel like that about
a person you hardly know?"

(To be Continued.)

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